

## The Intelligencer.

WHEELING, W. VA., MAY 21, 1885.

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**FREW, CAMPBELL & HART,**  
 Wheeling, W. Va.  
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## Vilas the Terrible.

It is settled beyond controversy that Mr. Vilas is the real star of the Democratic end of this administration. Upon him devolves the sacred duty of keeping some part of the administration in line with the great organization which furnished the bulk of the working capital in the late campaign. It is only recently that Mr. Vilas has broken out, so to say, but he was not warm in his chair before he began to lay plans to promote the good feeling of his party.

Expecting to be politely asked to walk the plank, government employees generally began to look around for something to do when Cleveland's election was declared. Men fastened to their desks in Washington had little opportunity to seek other openings. But railway postal clerks, being on the wing, were able to look about, and very many of them picked up the first thing that came handy and dropped out of the service. Now Mr. Vilas knew that this would never do; that this branch of the service would be seriously crippled if he had to commit it largely to new men; and that the public would be heard from very soon. Therefore it occurred to the Postmaster General to plug up the leak with an order of fine civil service reform odor.

Railway postal clerks who have become efficient and valuable men, against whom no just complaint of neglect, inattention or want of fidelity, honesty, or efficiency can be brought, and who have not turned their attention to political labors during their term of service, need have no fear of being disturbed so long as they continue to render meritorious and faithful service. This stopped the stampede and gave Mr. Vilas the chance to accomplish his purpose without shock to the service. Proceeding on the principle that constant dropping wears away a stone, he has been wearing away the old force by a steady process of removal. Republicans are dropped out because they are partisans, and Democrats being put in because they are patriots. The confidential clerks at Senators and Representatives are accepted by postal clerks as notice of a general raid, and there is a wide inquiry for employment where the tenure is not limited by the franks of a savage system of Civil Service reform. They are afraid of Vilas the Terrible.

**Voices of Warning.**  
 Out of the mouths of disinterested patriots we get political wisdom. Ex-Senator Barnum, talking with a New York Tribune reporter about the rush for office, said:

Up in Connecticut our fellows are all busy and don't want much. You see, if a fellow can't make \$2,000 a year in Connecticut he doesn't amount to much, and \$2,000 a year there is equal to \$5,000 in Washington. So there are not many of them who want to try the swamps. I know of one who is worth \$5,000 a year in Washington. They range a good deal lower than that, the bulk of them that are not mere clerks.

This ex-Postmaster General Hutton followed up with some equally sage reflections:  
 Barnum is right. I have a chum who started into railroading as a brakeman just after the war, while I was in the army, and he has made \$2,000 a year in Connecticut as a brakeman. I got \$3,000 as Assistant Postmaster General, and \$8,000 as Postmaster General. The offices that bring more than \$3,000 to \$4,000 a year are mighty few. Washington is a very expensive city in America to live in. The men who are most clamorous for an office now will wonder in a year or two after they get it how they came to be such fools.

These comments on the folly of seeking public place at any price are worth the serious attention of young men who have been bitten by the idea of office-hunting. Washington is no Paradise for a man on \$1,000 or even \$2,000 a year. Ask the great majority of those who have spent ten years there and listen to their story of disappointed hope—ten years wasted—nothing that is worth having to show for it. Hundreds have gone there to prepare themselves for something else. Not one out of a hundred ever reaches the "something else."

A healthy, intelligent man who can't do better out of public employment than in it lacks something which it ought to be the aim of his life to develop. To the young man tempted to go to Washington there can't be given better advice than, "Don't! Better keep in the current of affairs, pull hard, preserve a good conscience and try to make for yourself a place not founded on the shifting sands of politics."

**The Woman in the Case.**  
 New York justice has dealt very sharply with Sergeant Crowley, the police officer who took advantage of his authority to commit an outrageous assault on a poor girl. Public opinion approves the verdict, and the scandalous go-to-sea sentence of seventeen years and a half in the penitentiary.

The court passed no sentence upon the poor girl. Society will do that. She has had the misfortune to be wronged by a man and to have her wrong made public. That is enough. Society will attend to the rest. The girl has won a fame not far removed from infamy. Wherever she goes she will be an object of curious interest. What she needs is helpful sympathy—work and protection—kind hearts to tell her, and by practical acts of mercy to make her believe that she is not condemned to perpetual exile from all that is pure and good and bright because she has had the ill fortune to fall into a villain's hands.

change the route a little, and so turned down a by-street. The drummer beat the last march, did not see this movement, and so went the accustomed way, drumming as hard as he could. By and by, after finishing his set and not hearing the drum, he stopped and moved his drum to one side to see what was the matter. His astonishment on finding that he was alone was so great that he turned to the bystanders and said:

"Hail! I have only one in a band about here!"

**New From the Press.**  
 "High Up" comes as a mountain breeze on a hot day. It is one of the most charming of Major J. G. Pangborn's B. & O. works. The artist has caught the author's idea, and between the two they give us very delightful touches of mountain scenery. The always obliging Mr. O. K. Lord, Baltimore, sends the beautiful little book to any one who accompanies a request with a stamp.

"Luck of a Wandering Dane," by Hans Lykkegaard (P. O. Box 764, Philadelphia), is a liberally illustrated and very entertaining story of adventure which the author declares is a true story. The book is full of fun and true life.

**Harper's Magazine** for the month is redolent of the odor of June roses. The number is rich in history, travel and romance, and that are the good things from the editor's own pen. The illustrations are up to Harper's high standard.

The June number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* has something for everybody, in town and country. An illustrated article "Arm-chairs" is particularly interesting. There is good poetry and pictures are plentiful.

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York and Chicago, publishers of the "Evangelical Hymnal," the "Worship in Song" and other church hymn and tune books, have recently become the publishers also of the "Hymns and Songs of Praise," series, by Roswell D. Hitchcock, which are suitable, well-written, and contain the publication in the same style as heretofore. The large book is unusually rich, and has been a storehouse for others compilers. The small book, intended for chapels and small, rural, and mission churches, is a pronounced and the best book of its kind. Over five hundred churches are now using these books.

In these days when there is an aspiration for beautiful homes artistically furnished such a publication as *The Decorator and Furnisher*, (New York) is a magazine of rare delight and usefulness. Its articles are suitable, well-written, entertaining and instructive. The illustrations are abundant and helpful. In the current number there is a beautiful ceiling decoration in paper, to say nothing of elaborate designs for freestanding highly artistic and useful articles. The publication is none the less thoroughly practical.

**THE BULL RUN ROUT.**  
 How the Gallant Boys Came Back from the First Battle of Manassas.  
 Addressed by S. S. Cox, "Three Months of Patriotism."  
 With bated breath Congress awaits the issue. Its business lags. Its members gossip in the rear of the seats and in the cloak-rooms. At length dispatches come. They are read at the Clerk's desk. Then Bull Run comes—preceded by the Pickaway contractor's cattle on a stampede. Then come intelligent contraband and an incongruous array of weary soldiers in muddy uniforms. What of the Senators and Representatives? Chandler, Wade, Richardson, Logan, Greeley, Morris and Riddle return safely. Eli is borne by his resolute patriotism, darkly and fearfully afar. The Black Horse Cavalry of the enemy carry him into Richmond. Loyal Prisoner, and his goodness of heart and manly means enable him to aid his fellow-prisoners. Mr. Riddle relates how his company has been charged upon by wild riders of sable horses. "I seemed," said he, "in a deliberated manner, to be seized by the very devil of panic and cowardice seized every mortal soldier, officer, citizen and teamster. No officer tried to rally the soldiers, or do anything, except to spring and run towards Centerville. There never was anything like it for cowardice, sheer, absolute, absurd cowardice, or rather panic, on this miserable earth before. Off they went, one and all; off down the highway, over across fields towards the woods, any further they ran the more frightened they grew, and although we moved on as rapidly as we could, the fugitives passed us by scores. To enable them to get away, we threw away their blankets, knapsacks, canteens, and finally muskets, cartridge-boxes and everything else. We called to them, tried to tell them there was no danger, called them to stop, implored them to stand, but they called to us, and we, we denounced them in the most offensive terms, put out our heavy revolvers and threatened to shoot them, but all in vain; a cruel, crazy, mad, hopeless panic possessed them, and communicated to everybody about the front and rear. The heat was awful, although now about six; the men were exhausted their mouths gaped, their lips cracked and blackened with the powder of the cartridges they had bitten off in the battle, their eyes staring in frenzy; no mortal ever saw such a mass of ghastly wretches. As we came on, borne along with the mass, we were able to go ahead or pause, or turn out of it, with the street blocked with flying baggage-wagons, before and behind, thundering and crashing on, we were every moment exposed to imminent danger of being upset, or crushed, or of breaking down. I felt a little sinking of the heart and doubt whether we could avoid destruction in the immense throng about us, or nothing but the remarkable skill, or nothing but the strength of our carriage and endurance of our horses saved us. Another source of peril beset us. As we passed the poor, demented, exhausted wretches, who could not climb into the high chairs, they made frantic efforts to get into our carriage. They grasped it everywhere and got on to it, into it, over it, and implored us every way to take them off. No more ghastly picture has since been presented of the race of this army from an imaginary pursuit. The pencil of a David could not do it justice. No colors can be harmonized for such chaos. De Quincy's 'Hymn of a Terror' (Tribe) is as a version and not more thrilling.

**A Peacock's Long Past.**  
 Chicago News.  
 On the 14th of last month a straw-stick at Sheboygan, Michigan, was blown over and soon after a beautiful peacock was missing from the yard. Not connecting his disappearance with the falling of the stick, a thorough search was made, but no trace of him could be found. On the first of April the straw was removed and nearly in the center of it calmly reposed the missing bird, with drooping plumes, but to all appearances in good health, and he very gladly took of the food that was sparingly administered at first.

**An Awful Revenge.**  
 The New York Herald has hardly had time to get settled in its tomb before the news comes that the consulship by him to New York has worked up the remains into a 60-over poem. This verifies the old Spanish proverb, "If a man a favor and he will never forgive you."

One great diaphoretic and anodyne, for cholera, fever, and inflammatory attacks, Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Sassafras, morphia, diacarbonyl, and opiohydryl. Only 50 cents.

## BREAKFAST BUDGET.

Cesar Brothers are a New York built firm. William Schroeder, of New Haven, has sold thirty years at perpetual motion. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, owns the world's worth of paintings and statues. Red Shirt, Torn Belly and Calico were the three sub-chiefs who upheld Red Cloud's dignity on his reserve while he was on his recent visit to Washington. A distinguished physician says that he is disposed to exclude vegetables, with the exception of cereals and a little fruit, entirely from the dietary of nervous persons.

England is about to be bereaved of the Maharajah Duleep Singh, who proposes to sell his estate of Eviden, comprising 17,000 acres in Norfolk, and go back to live in his beloved India.

The Rev. John Hall, the noted New York divine, is an Irishman by birth, who was sent to this country by the Ulster Presbyterians and furnished with a return passage ticket, which he has never yet used.

The Schuykill Arsenal, at Philadelphia, manufactures 8,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 15,000,000 rifle balls each year. Three millions are used for target practice by the rank and file of the army.

Surgeon G. M. Sternberg, of the United States army, has called for Europe, and will proceed to Rome as American representative at the Sanitary Conference, called to meet May 15 to discuss the question of cholera epidemics. He will be absent two months.

Alphonse Daudet, the famous French dramatist, journalist and poet, is 45 years old. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, the eminent English composer, guilty of "Pinafore" and other comic operas, is just two years younger than Daudet, having been born May 11, 1842.

It is more than twenty years ago since Congress passed a law declaring that "every person having a husband or a wife living who marries another, whether married or single, in a Territory, is guilty of bigamy, and shall be punished by fine and imprisonment."

**What a Dairyman Should be.**  
 American Agriculturist.  
 The first requisite for success in the business of dairymaking is the dairyman. Not every man can succeed in this business. There are some special qualities needed in a dairyman, just as there are in persons who engage successfully in other pursuits. Success depends very much upon the natural possession of these qualifications, or lack of them. A dairyman must have common sense, perseverance, industry, and tact, as well as ability to train himself for his chosen business. Any man who will make a good farmer, can become a good dairyman, if he has the desire, and that, with all special course of education more than he can give himself by the aid of any simple manual, which gives plain but accurate directions for the various operations to be performed. Dairymaking is to be regarded as a science, and the production of good milk, butter, or cheese depends upon a close observance of its rules, and it is the precise practice of these rules, that the dairyman must train himself.

**RED STAR**  
 TRADE MARK  
**COUGH CURE**  
 Free from Opium, Emetics and Poisons.  
 A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE  
 For Coughs, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Laryngitis, and all other diseases of the Throat and Lungs.  
 Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.  
 THE CHAS. A. VOLLMER COMPANY,  
 New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

**Police Shaving Saloons.**  
**CHAPLINE STREET RINK.**  
 Chance for a Handsome Prize.  
 Beginning with May 1st and continuing sixty days, each purchaser of a ticket of admission to any of the skating parties, will be entitled to draw for a chance in the following prizes:  
 First—A handsome chamber set of decorated oak furniture, now on exhibition at Mendel's.  
 Second—Handsome china dinner and tea set complete on exhibition at Ely's.  
 Third—A beautiful polished oak centre table, exhibition at Ely's.  
 Fourth—Elegant silver tea pitcher, on exhibition at Ely's.  
 FRIDAY NIGHT—Children's Fancy Dress Carnival.  
**W. N. Chancellor.**  
 100 CHARLESTON AND INDEPENDENCE STS.  
 WHEELING, W. VA.

**ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.**  
 EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS.  
 Daily, Tri-weekly, excepted. Monday excepted—Wheeling Times.  

Train	Depart	Arrive
B. & O. R. E. East	6:40 a.m.	6:50 p.m.
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